

# Jacksonville

# Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

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## THE REPUBLICAN.

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### THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

It's gentle breezes fan our cheek;  
Amid our worldly cares  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throbs and beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitates the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm—  
They have no power to break;  
For mortal joys are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,  
So near to press they seem,  
They seem to tell us to our rest,  
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring  
"The easy now to see,  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,  
Wrapped in a dream of bliss,  
And get thy dunes in loving arms,  
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarcely knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarcely asking where we are,  
To feel all evil sink away,  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet, only around us! watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side,  
Into our thoughts into our prayers,  
With gentle helping guide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
A dried and withered stream;  
Your joy be the reality,  
Our suffering life a dream.

### The Curate's Valentine.

A clerical prig!" said the eldest Miss Grantly.

"Something has vexed him," said the second.

"He looks worried."

"I know what," finished the third; "it would be great fun to send him one."

The three Misses Grantly put their heads together, in order probably to converse more in private. They need not have been frightened. Everybody was tired, and would have yawned, had such a luxury been admissible in the Grantly drawing-room. Tea parties are always slow; this one had been very slow, indeed, as Mrs. Grantly and the colonel, her husband, would be ready to testify, when they had smiled their good-nights to the young friends who were staying in their house.

Amongst their few guests had been the curate of the parish, the Rev. Wilfred Selturn, called by his intimates, Will; and he had been chosen to designate "Crawley." In a general way he was rather a pet with them. He had nothing but his curacy, and he boasted sometimes of his own cleverness in making both ends meet, so that he was not a dangerous man to know; and then he was of good family, and could talk well, and was altogether a very useful creature, since he never interfered with more eligible individuals. To-day something had evidently gone wrong with the curate; he not only would not exert himself to be entertaining, but, when he did speak, it was to put aside, with considerable contempt, the subject on which the sisters were just then interested, namely, Valentines.

"In fact," said the eldest sister, "he left off to go and flirt with Bell Lindhurst. Any one could see that."

"Are you sure it's Bell?" said another.

"I thought it was Frances."

"Oh, either will do," said the other, "since a man with a curacy can only flirt. But it's Bell, of course. Well, he has spilt our evening completely, and we owe him something. I wish I could think of a real good trick."

"I know of something," said the youngest Miss Grantly, who was also the quietest, and had a sad, plaintive way of speaking. "But then he would never open a Valentine."

"Not if he knew it," said the oldest; "but he need not. What's your plan?"

"There was a good deal of whispering, a little laughing, and then a hush."

"Yes, a large blue envelope—official-looking—and I've got a seal with a cupid on it, holding a letter on his arrow; the poor stupid man will never see that, and one must have the sign manual of a Valentine about it. But then he knows all our handwritings. I can manage a disguise for the letter itself, but my disguises are cramped. If we had only a free, bold, natural address outside, he would never suspect."

"There's Bell and Frances," put in the plaintive little voice sadly, whereupon her sisters applauded.

"A pat on the shoulder for that," said they. "No, he has never seen Bell's writing. Frankly won't do it, she's starchy; but Bell—we'll see."

The three young ladies moved forward simultaneously.

"Isn't it bed time? I'm sure you two poor children are tired to death. Oh papa, asleep! You rude man!"

The colonel, of course, declared that he wasn't, and shouldn't have thought of such a thing, and then instituted a very wide-awake search after candles, during which Miss Grantly whispered into Bell Lindhurst's ear softly, "I'll come to your room a bit, dear."

The result of that visit was that Bell addressed a missive of whose contents she was ignorant. It contained, however, a pretended offering to Mr. Selturn of a retortship at Greenham-cum-Oakes, by Sir Harry Lindhurst, her own uncle.

It was not until it began to be talked of

that Mr. Selturn was going to leave the parish, that she saw she had been the means of deceiving him by a practical joke. Consequently she determined to rectify it so far as she was able.

She was still at the Grants, and Mr. Selturn was there on a visit. He having been a few minutes alone in the drawing-room, was startled by the appearance of Sir Harry's niece from the conservatory door.

"Sir, Selturn," said the young lady, "I want to speak to you. I have—done a very bad thing," she was going to say, but checked herself. "I have lent my assistance to a practical joke, a thing I detest as much as you can do. In the pretended letter from my uncle, you should read Oakes with an H before it. There is no such place as I know of, and my uncle has only two livings in his gift—Lindhurst Magna and Lindhurst Parva. I directed the letter."

"You!" was all the curate could get out. "Yes," replied Bell; "but indeed I knew the contents. You never looked at the seal, or you would have known it was a Valentine."

She was gone as quickly as she had come. I don't know what were the curate's thoughts in the interval which he had yet to pass, but the other guests were of the opinion that he was growing into a moody, taciturn sort of fellow. It fell to his lot to take Bell Lindhurst in to dinner, and, as she put her fingers on his arm, he contrived to touch them, and to say just two words, "Thank you."

They were all he did say to her. He was very attentive to his neighbor, on the other hand, and he exerted himself to talk, and talked well—better than usual, if possible.

"Selturn," said the Colonel once, "what's this I hear about losing you?"

"No such luck," replied Will, shaking his head. "I shall plague you for years, I'm afraid," and then he added, looking across the table—"Miss Grantly, if you were writing a business letter, what style of seal should you choose?"

He said it very quietly, but looked away from her directly, for he saw that she was crestfallen, and afraid lest the Colonel should take up the subject, and investigate it; and Will did not bear malice. It was punishment enough for her that her trick had, so far as she knew, proved a failure.

And strangely thinking of Bell Lindhurst when he got home, he took out the unhappy Valentine, made a face at the seal, put the letter—the cramped disguise of which he could detect well enough now—into the fire, and the envelope—never mind where.

It was February again, and the blinds were down over the rectory windows of Lindhurst Magna. There was a little rest in the village, not much. A good man had gone to his rest, but he had been feeble for years, and past his work, so perhaps it was as well.

Up at the Hall, in the snugest of snug morning rooms, there was a young girl in a riding habit, half kneeling, half crouching, beside an old man, who sat in a big chair, grumbling with a gouty foot. And the young girl looked very well in her habit, with the color of exercise on her cheek, and its light in her eye; and the baronet, as he looked at her, thought so, and felt his mouth twitch.

"You Gipsy!" he said; "so you helped to hoax the curate, eh? Well, I wouldn't have believed it, and the baronet broke into a laugh, and bade her get on her horse and be off, remembering that she was to bring her mother and sister to help him to entertain George's fine new wife."

On this fourteenth of February Mr. Selturn received no Valentines; but he had hardly sat an hour over his unwritten sermon when a cab stopped at the door, and his landlady ushered in a visitor whom the curate just knew by sight—an elderly gentleman with a lame foot.

"Jan Loffery, Greenham-cum-Oakes," said Sir Harry, when the preliminaries were over, "because I don't know the place; but Lindhurst Magna has just fallen vacant, as you will have seen by the papers; that is, if you read them. I have heard a good deal about you, though I really didn't know there was such a person last year when I had the honor of receiving—them! Yes, Lindhurst is vacant, and it isn't a bad thing. Will you have it?"

Whatever the curate said in reply, Sir Harry didn't seem to be taking much notice, for he grumbled the whole time in an undertone about his lame foot, the badness of the railway arrangements, and keeping the miserable cab horse in the cold.

"Very well," he said at last. "It's settled then. I like despatch. Come and dine with me to-day. Only a family party. My son and his wife, and my brother's widow and daughters—staying in the house, you know; no strangers, unless I look in, and see if Ned Grantly can bring his girls. Catch the two o'clock train, Mr. Selturn; and mind, it's always before time in starting, and behind at the terminus. There's only half a mile's walk from Lindhurst station, and you'll have ample time to dress. We'll give you a bed."

I don't know what became of Mr. Selturn's sermon. Perhaps he finished it before he started. At any rate he did catch the two o'clock train, and he had the honor of eating his dinner with Mr. George Lindhurst's wife on one side and Miss Grantly on the other.

"So you are to be the new rector!" said the latter. "Sir Harry told us about it. I congratulate you." Then, in a half whisper, "It's better than Greenham-cum-Oakes. Will you forgive me now, Mr. Selturn?"

But Will's attention had wandered from the curate's eyes to objects close around him.

her to the opposite side of the table. It did not rest there long. He was a sharp fellow enough, except in the matter of Valentines, and he saw that his lively neighbor was watching his movements. During the whole of the evening, therefore, he only spoke once to Bell Lindhurst, and then only a brief sentence, "I have you to thank for it."

So that Miss Grantly, thinking it over on the way home, said, peevishly, "I can't understand it. If there is anything between them, they make love like growned heads."

To which the plaintive sister added, with a little mournful malice, "He need not only flirt now, you know. He isn't a poor curate any longer. 'Tis afraid you'll miss him, Cis."

Will's chance came in the early morning, when he found Bell stepping out of the breakfast room window to the lawn.

"Bell," said the curate, standing before her, "will you come with me to Lindhurst Magna?"

I don't know what Bell Lindhurst ought to have said, nor indeed what was her first impulse; but chancing to catch sight of his face, she perceived that he was, in spite of his abruptness, quite as much in what is called a "state" as the most exacting young lady could desire. So she said, as steadily as she could:

"Yes if you want me."

"Do want you," said he. "That is just the word. I have had no sun picture of you, you know; but I have worn your face in my heart ever since you came to me that day and saved me from making a worse simoleon of myself than I was already. I knew then that I had done what poor curates should not do—I had fallen in love. I do want you. Give me your hand, Bell, in token."

She put her hand within his arm and they walked on, and it does not very much matter about the rest of the conversation. But when the baronet tapped at the window to announce that he wanted his breakfast, and they went up to him, he looked at them and began to grumble a little.

"Can't it be said," said he. "And so this is the way you wait it?" Then he turned to the curate. "I suppose I must wish you all that's proper, eh? Be good to her. All this springing from just writing the address on a—hoax! Valentines are not such bad things, after all, are they, Mr. Selturn?"

### Scientific Ghosts.

Dr. Jessopp of London, recently declared he saw the ghostly figure of a man, while engaged in writing in a friend's library at night. Dr. Wilks, of Gray's Hospital, London, writes as follows in relation to the matter: "Putting aside the supposition of a trick, the story resolves itself into the question whether the appearance of the man beside him (Dr. Jessopp) was objective or subjective. Under ordinary circumstances, when we see an object the latter is material, and forms an image on the retina; this is mentally known through a perceptive part of the brain; the mere retinal image is not enough to constitute vision, as pictures are constantly painted upon the retina which are never discerned. Now it is possible for this perceptive part of the brain to be thrown into an active condition quite independent of the normal stimulus conducted to it from the retina, and under these circumstances the person apparently sees an object, which by the law of our nature, is projected by him a certain distance before the eye. This is common enough in fevers and in delirium tremens, where patients see people and animals around them whose reality is such that the memory of these becomes a part of the experience of their future lives. In mental derangements these hallucinations are also common, and patients see objects and hear voices which have no external existence. So it is in our dreams, from which we may be suddenly roused by a great noise where all is still around, the auditory perceptive centre of the brain having been abnormally excited. In normal cases the slight independent of the painting of the object on the retina, as the hearing a noise implies the vibration of the drum of the ear. If sight and hearing occur without these normal excitants of the nerves, the brain must have been stimulated from within, and the impressions are abnormal and subjective. At the present time we have no knowledge of anything in the likeness of the ghost, or anything that has not a material basis can excite an image on our retina, whereas we do know that under abnormal conditions the brain may be stimulated so as to produce a visual impression independent of any such image on the retina. The probabilities are then immensely in favor of the appearance which the doctor saw being subjective rather than objective. We have only to suppose that those very common abnormal conditions of brain which are observed in bad health may occur under exceptional circumstances in an otherwise healthy organ, to account for the occasional appearance of ghosts. The probabilities are also in favor of this view from other considerations. First, there seems no reason why the spirits of another world should prefer midnight to their visits, but the reasons are obvious why we should conjure them up at that time. Then, again, the want of individuality shown by this particular ghost, no ordinary mortal would find it very difficult to put himself in exactly the same place and attitude as before on his appearance a second time, as this apparition did, and then so dependent was it upon the observer, that when the latter put his arms up it was, and the same occurred on the second occasion on another movement. How these movements of the Doctor could have affected a real object does not seem clear, nor why it could not be gazed at from different points of view. It may be noticed, too, that its nearness corresponded with the focusing of the Doctor's eyes to objects close around him."

A man, passing through a gateway in the dark, ran against a post. "I wish I had been in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Better wish it was somewhere else, said a bystander. "You might run against it again, you know."

### A Mountain Ride.

He threw the driver a signal, the horses sprang away, and the work was begun, of filling the contract to get to Delhi in two hours, eighteen miles over a mountain road, only just a suspicion of moonlight behind the threatening clouds, and no end of big mud. Four miles up the mountain for a start, and the road went creeping about here and there, sometimes clinging to the hillside like a shelf, running away to hide in long stretches of forest, dodging suddenly out of sight around a projecting hill, doubling back upon itself in the most accurate angles, as though it was trying to get away and leave us utterly lost on the mountain side, running along smoothly and evenly on one track for a quarter of a mile and then suddenly swinging round on a hurrying back nearly the whole distance; a changing, restless, mischievous road that seemed to have forgotten that it started out from Onocenta to reach the mountain top, and was going to play hide-and-seek with itself there on the mountain side forever, and never go anywhere. But the horses knew the ways, and all its tricks, turning and driving and climbing and clatter, clatter, clatter over the rocky places, and tramp, tramp, tramp, where the clay was heavy, and splash, splash, splash, where the little pools covered the road keeping the wandering road always in sight and never losing it, while the rocky glens and stately hillsides, and even the towering forests, laughed back at the chase, and the clatter of the wheels was the only sound.

A dimple of light in the darkened valley, a cluster of brilliant in a set of jet, what a dream of beauty the village as it too laughs at our hurry up the mountain side, chasing the wayward road, laughed until its dimples of light made the night sparkle with merriment. I hope I shall see Onocenta again, but I have not time to look prettier than it looked that night. And now at last we climb the mountain top, and the road, sobered down by its long climb settles to its task and stretches away to Delhi. No stop for anything, the mettlesome horses do not need the whip, and scarcely need the word.

Nine miles out, as we drive up to a great ruin, a lantern flashes out and a light buggy and two great horses dash out and stop. It is only the work of a second to transfer me and my baggage, and the impatient horses spring away, and the landscape begins to fade away behind us again. Down the long hills and up the gravel we spin, the big-shouldered horses laughing at the hills with their feet; over the rumbling bridges, past twinkling lights in the houses, until at last the hills rise above us loftier, grander, more beautiful and graceful in outline, and we swept into Delhi, covered with the mud and exhilarating excitement of the drive, just two hours from the time we left Onocenta; it is lively going.

### Hackett's Cigar Factories.

Entering the cigar factory in Havana, one is at once struck by the admirable cleanliness and ventilation of the place. The wind passes through and through it, and, although there are over 300 men, women and boys at work, the air is as fresh and cool as on a mountain top. On the ground floor is a long warehouse, where over 2,000 boxes of tobacco are stored. Besides this stock, the proprietor has a warehouse in the city, where there are 3,000 boxes. This is all tobacco of the crop of 1879, and, as the present crop is almost an entire failure, the manufacturers are making only enough cigars to fill their orders. They prefer to keep as much on hand as possible, expecting higher prices very soon. The average value of a bale of tobacco is about \$75. Some of the very finest kinds of wrappings cost as much as \$400 a bale. Insurance is very high, the rate being one and a half per cent upon the stock at the factory and one per cent upon that warehoused. At some factories the rate is even higher, on account of the wooden lining of the buildings. When the tobacco is taken from the bales it is distributed to the pickers, who take the bundles, sort them, stretch the leaves, remove the strong fiber that runs down the middle of the leaf and place the leaves that are to serve as wrappers upon one side. For this work they receive ten cents gold for every ten bundles. The fillings, or pieces of leaf that are too small for wrappers, are then carried up to the second floor, where they are spread out and separated into five different classes, according to the strength of the flavor and the fineness of the leaf. Five shafts run down to the floor of a different class. These shafts deposit the tobacco in the room where the cigar-makers are at work, and each man, when he wants more tobacco, takes a square piece of canvas about the size of a large pocket handkerchief to the attendant, who fills it from the proper shaft. Besides these five kinds of fillings there is a sixth quality, composed of the pieces cut off the wrappers of the best cigars, and used to fill the cigars that are to command the highest price in the market. Meanwhile the wrappers are handed over to skillful operators, who carefully sort them according to their fineness and color. This is the most important part of the whole process, as the profits of cigar-making depend upon the quality of the wrappers. The men who separate the wrappers and who give the cigar-makers the kind suited to their fillings. Should a fine wrapper be used for an inferior cigar it would be clear waste, and if a fine cigar be wrapped in a rough leaf it would be thrown out by the man who separates the cigars. The room in which the cigars are made is a large, low apartment with a stone floor. The cigar-maker sits in rows at benches, which are divided off by low partitions, to prevent the tobacco or cigars of two adjoining makers becoming mixed. A little board, black with tobacco juice, lies on the bench. Upon this the cigars are rolled. The cigar-maker takes from his heap of fillings enough tobacco to make a cigar. This he fashions into shape, and then, taking a leaf from his heap of wrappers, he folds it carefully round the fillings, beginning at the small end, trimming it with a sharp knife, and cutting it square off at the other end. Then he takes a small piece of grease, smears it on the wrapper, and then closes the smaller end of the cigar. Many cigar-makers give the end a twist in their mouths, and this is especially the case with the negroes engaged in this department. Each operator has a little mould marked with the size of cigar he is making, and the cigar must measure exactly the proper length marked on the mould, and must pass through a hole bored in it. As soon as fifty cigars are finished they are tied in a bundle, and a slip of paper marked with the number of the maker is stuck under the string. When the time for paying comes the proprietor

goes over these bundles and pays so much per thousand for the cigars made. The rate varies from \$11 to \$42 per thousand, according to the size of the cigars and the excellence of the leaf. The best workmen are employed on the very finest kinds, and make as many as twenty-five cigars in the day. The rough and cheap cigars are much more easy to make, and a good folder can turn out over 200 cigars in eight hours. White men, negroes, and coolies are employed in cigar-making, but white labor is found to be by far the most intelligent, and cooler labor the least so. Indeed, the coolies are mostly employed in opening the bunnies and separating the fillings from the wrappers, and very few of them are allowed to fold cigars. The cigar-makers, at least the white ones, are a thrifty, lazy set. A folder will work until he has enough money for his immediate wants, and then he will at once leave his work until he is driven back penniless. One young, good-looking folder, engaged in making the best kinds of cigars, was pointed out by the proprietor as a curious example of this want of application. He works hard during five days of the week, making a tidy sum of money. Every Saturday night he visits a ready-made clothes shop, buys a new suit, and early on Sunday goes either to the seashore or to the river, strips, bathes, and, on coming out, puts on his new suit. Leaving the old one, bought the previous week, on the bank, he goes on a spree which lasts until his money is all spent, when he returns to work. Women are also employed in sorting tobacco, but they are in a separate building, as it was found that the co-edification of the sexes does not work as well in a Cuban cigar factory as in the athletic atmosphere of a New England college. They are of all colors, ranging from a pure white through every variety of cream and chocolate up to a shining black. They all smoke, generally the very strongest cigars. Unlike the clerk in the candy store, who is allowed to gorge himself at first, and who never cares for the sweet treasures again, men and women in tobacco factories do not lose their taste for smoking. The manufacturers during working hours, for it distracts the attention, and the cigars are less carefully made. But the supply of cigars is almost unlimited, and every workman is allowed to carry away two or three. These cigars are made by boys who are only beginning, and whose productions are not good enough for market. When the cigars are counted and the master pays the former are sent up stairs and carefully sorted, first to remove the badly made ones and those with rough wrappers, and then to divide them, according to the color of the leaf, into colorados and maduros. When this is done they are ready to be placed in the boxes, which are made in a separate part of the factory. The boxes when filled, are placed under a press, and the cigar is then ready for sale.

### Hackett's Marksmanship.

At the Mission Dolores, close to San Francisco, a Western lad of twenty years of age, had often supported apples and held coins for Mr. Hackett to practice upon in a perilous fashion, and one day on the occasion of a dinner party, a special exhibition was to be had. The marksmanship was to be a test of the youth's head at ten paces. Before the time came, however, an inquiring gentleman, celebrated in the East as well as the West for his practical jokes, bribed the lad to go through a carefully rehearsed scene. He was provided with a clot of blood colored paint, and instructed to secrete this in his hand just before the show. At the report of the pistol he was to spin around, clap the paint to his forehead as he turned his back to Mr. Hackett, give a yell, vault high in the air and fall to the ground. All this was actually and carefully done in the presence of five or six persons who had dined together. The expectation, of course, was that Mr. Hackett would be



























## Strange Food.

Some score or so of contributors to a French sporting journal dined one day upon the haub and heart of a lion killed by Constant Chieret in Algeria. The flesh of the lion was found to be particularly firm and close-grained, like that of a horse, but although pronounced palatable, it only achieved what is termed a success d'estime, while the heart, skillfully prepared with truffles, was unanimously voted tough and indigestible. In fact, the French journalists were not much better pleased with their fare than was Bruce, the traveler, when the guest of the Arab tribe of Walled Sidh Benjamin, "the sons of the fathers of the flocks," bound by vow to eat lion's flesh once every day; for the traveler found lion meat lean, tough and musky in flavor, lioness meat a trifle fatter and more palatable, and whelp flesh the nastiest of the three. Mindful that an unlooked-for pleasure is thrice welcome, Frank Buckland did not advise his guests on a certain occasion that they were about to enlarge their gastronomic experiences, but when the soup had been disposed of asked a famous gourmand sitting near him how he liked it. "Very well, indeed," was the answer. "Turtle, is it not?" I only ask because I did not find any green fat." Buckland shook his head. "I fancied it had a somewhat musky taste—peculiar but not at all unpleasant," remarked his neighbor. "All alligators have," replied the host, "the cayman, especially—the fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been discussing." Half a dozen of the newly-enlightened diners suddenly started to their feet, two or three slunk from the room, and the rest of the meal was enjoyed by only a portion of the original company. "See what imagination is," said Buckland. "Had I told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, or the glut of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. I tell them that it is alligator soup, and their gorges rise at as good dish as ever a man need have!" Forewarned, and therefore, forearmed were those gentlemen who lunched on octopods at the Brighton Aquarium, trying it in turn boiled, broiled, and cold. They found it excellent eating, resembling skate, but not so tender as might be. The verdict would probably have been still more favorable had the octopods been boiled first and then roasted, as is the way in Corsica, where the monster is esteemed a great delicacy.

## The Romance of a Mustache.

There was, during the reign of Nicholas an actor in St. Petersburg named Ivan Laychinskii, a comedian, in high favor with the Emperor. Ivan was the possessor of a superb mustache, of which he was exceedingly proud. In some play which was to be produced the manager ordered him to remove the hirsute ornament, of which he was so careful.

"I will not," was the reply. "You must, or take the consequences," exclaimed the manager. "I shall appeal to the Emperor," said he. Obtaining an audience he appealed to his Majesty. The czar smilingly asked him, "Do you prefer retaining your mustache to your position in the theater?"

"Your Majesty, I do," said the plucky Ivan.

"Ah! What if the choice, were your mustache or your life?"

"By all means, sire, still the mustache," answered Ivan, thinking his Majesty was indulging in a little pleasantry.

"Then," said the czar, with sudden sternness, "Ivan, if you do not obey your manager you will receive first the knout, then death. It is my order. Go!" Crestfallen, utterly crushed by this sudden and imperious change in his powerful patron's temper, poor Ivan bowed and left the presence.

That night they waited in vain for Ivan. Search was made in his usual haunts. No one had seen him since the hour after his departure from the palace. But next morning the mystery was solved. An officer of the czar's household brought to his master a small package, which had been left with the guard, directed to his Majesty.

"Open it," said Nicholas.

It contained a note and a bunch of glossy hair. The note read simply: "YOUR MAJESTY—I send you my mustache. IVAN."

Three days after, the waters of the Neva floated up to the bank the dead body of the comedian, who thus obeyed the order of his master by losing his mustache, and kept his own word by sacrificing his life rather than to be seen with a shorn pate. In a glass case in the manager's room of the Imperial Theater in St. Petersburg, to this day, is preserved the mustache of the luckless comedian.

## A Modern Aladdin's Cave.

A wonderful cave has been discovered near New Market Station, Virginia. The descent into the first chamber is now made easy by means of a wooden stairway. This apartment is about 100 feet in length, and its ceiling, which is twelve or fifteen feet high, is studded with pure white stalactites of mammoth or beet-shaped form. A side room fifteen feet wide and high, with a smoothly arched ceiling, extends from this for a considerable distance. Proceeding through a long passage varying from three to four feet in width and from five to seven in height, and crossing at right angles a long, low gallery, then going through a larger passage and making a sharp turn, the second hall is reached. This is twenty-five feet wide, 200 feet long, and from twenty-five to fifty feet high, with smooth walls. Stepping then to a much lower level, a room is entered which is of a very irregular form and cumbed with enormous blocks of rock

which have fallen from the roof. In the ceiling is a wide fissure extending upwards out of sight. On leaving this scene of chaos the course is to a level twenty feet higher through an intricate system of chambers, the largest forty by sixty feet and fifteen feet high. Descending from thence over a succession of shallow basins which in rainy seasons are filled with water, you come first to a hall 100 feet in length, with a smooth vaulted ceiling, and from this pass into a grand chamber 500 feet long, fifty feet wide and thirty feet high, with the floor covered with angular masses of stone. An apartment following this is about forty feet high, 300 feet long and forty feet wide, and this is succeeded by a room 103 by fifty feet and fifteen feet high. From this a beautifully arched passage leads to a chamber fifty by fifty feet, and thirty feet high, in which one of the wonders of the cave is to be seen. The floor is divided by an immense fissure, which extends in a semi-circular form to the next apartment. A stairway has been constructed to the bottom of the fissure, fifty or sixty feet below, where is found a stream of pellucid water five or six feet in width. The next chamber, called the "diamond room," because of the brilliancy of the incrustations on its walls, is 225 feet long, fifty feet wide, and forty or fifty feet high, with a level ceiling, and following this is a magnificent hall, 400 by 100 feet, and from thirty to forty feet in height. At one end of this apartment is a pit fifteen or twenty feet in length and depth. This is the farthestmost point to which a path has been opened and any one can comfortably go. With great difficulty a person can creep over a steep and slippery surface between the pit and one of the walls, and then by crowding himself through a small opening can reach another interesting feature of the cavern. This is a gallery formed in a perfect circle, 300 or 400 feet in circumference, with a floor as level as that of a ball-room, and a ceiling six or eight feet high, arched with the utmost accuracy. At a point nearly opposite the entrance are two walls with perpendicular walls leading to a lower level, and here exploration in this direction has stopped. From the bottom of the pit before mentioned a narrow crevice leads to a series of low chambers 100 feet below the gallery, which have not yet been investigated. The formations in this cave comprise all of those which are common to the other caves of Virginia. The resemblances to statuary are numerous. In one of the chambers is a stalactite, brown in color, with a figure in pure white of the exact form of a mouse upon it. The characteristic feature is the presence of a vast quantity of fine, perfectly limpid crystals, covering large sections of the walls and floor.

## The Duke's Escape.

The story of the escape of the late Duke of Gramont from France after the disastrous collapse at Sedan is full of romance. The Duke, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, naturally heard of the Emperor's surrender a day before the news was published in Paris. He saw at once that flight was necessary, as the wrath of the mob was sure to be turned against the Ministry, which was responsible for the war. He accordingly went to his banker to provide himself with money and various securities, but was informed that the partner who had charge of his affairs was in the country, whither the Duke pursued him. The partner was found engaged in burying his property in his garden, but returned to Paris and delivered up to the Duke de Gramont the papers and money which were required. On the next day the bad news was published, and the Minister fled. He sent off a servant in his carriage openly and escaped himself by a private door. The mob pursued the carriage, but of course found no one in it that they wanted, and the Duke got safely to Calais. On his arrival there, however, a new cause for alarm arose. It was necessary for him to produce his passport before he could leave the country, and it was evident that in this way his identity would be discovered, and he himself, as seemed only too probable, would be arrested and sent back to Paris never to quit it again. The risk, however, had to be encountered, and he showed his passport to the proper officer and was, much to his relief, suffered to go on board the English steamer without remark. He at once went to the cabin and, the better to escape notice, pretended to be very ill. In a few minutes, however, he felt an ominous tap on the shoulder and looked around expecting to find himself a prisoner. He saw only the passport officer, who said to him: "When you were in the office you gave me an appointment. In return for that I have to-day let you pass and thereby in all probability saved your life." The officer went his way and the Duke got safely to Dover.

## Wild Cattle and Muste.

We have heard it said that caravanners in the habit of singing to cheer their over-wearied and groaning camels. A similar custom, with like effects, is reported of the herders, or "cow-boys," of Texas. A recent traveler in that State says. The cow-boys, while tending (mounted on their wiry mustang ponies) their Texas cattle, which are almost as wild as buffaloes, and as dangerous to a man on foot, are accustomed to sing a great deal to while away the lonely hours. At night they hobble their ponies, and, wrapped in a blanket, lie down to sleep on the prairie, a little way from the cattle. Sometimes in the night a thunder-clap or some strange sound will start up the cattle with wild fright, and they will snort and paw the earth, and in a moment will rush and stampede would commence; but the cow-boys would spring up, and while they loose and mount their ponies they commence singing their old songs. The cattle, hearing the well-known and accustomed voices, will soon quiet down, thinking all is right, and resume their rest again.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

**A JUVENILE CORN EXPERIMENT.**—When I was a boy on my father's farm, I once undertook a little experiment on my own account, and carried it through secretly, for the purpose of enjoying the surprise it might create. With this view, as soon as father got through sowing the corn, I selected and marked off a small plot of land, a small space near the center of the field. To each stalk of the corn planted in this space I gave special attention, for the purpose of finding out how much each grain planted could be made to produce by giving it extra manure and extra hoeing. When the corn was gathered, the difference between my pet stalks and the rest of the field attracted my father's attention, and I remember how puzzled he was in trying to account for it. When, at length, I disclosed the secret, he inquired how much manure I had used, and I told him this exactly, said he, and I can tell the value of the experiment. I told him I had simply doubled what he had given to the rest of the field. After examining the result and comparing it with the rest of the field, he found that his yield was at least forty-four bushels more than the rest of the field, and he also found that the cost of each bushel was reduced about six cents. This little experiment of my early life has been since confirmed by large experience as well as by observation, and I am led to believe that there is, not only in manure, but in the use of it, a great power of development under experiment than we are at present aware of.

**CANKER WORMS.**—On mild days, the canker-worms may make their appearance, and the females, which are wingless and always crawl, must be prevented from ascending the tree and depositing their eggs. The devices for effecting this are numerous; they generally consist in placing some barrier around the trunk which the insects cannot pass. Some have gutters of oil, others smooth surfaces which they cannot travel. The simplest, and as effective as any, is to smear the trunk with tar or kerosene. Blowing dust and dead insects will bridge them over in time, and to be effective, they must be looked to every few days, and renewed as needed. The Tent Caterpillar's eggs are deposited in rings on the small twigs of apple and pear trees, near their ends, and can be readily seen on dull days; they should be cut off, taking the end of the twig, and burned, thus saving a much larger amount of work later in the season.

**How to EXTEMPORIZE RADISHES.**—Radishes may be grown in a very few days by the following method: Let some good radish seed soak in water for twenty-four hours, then put in a bag and expose it to the sun. In the course of the day germination will commence. The seed must be sown in a well-matured hot-bed, and watered from time to time with lukewarm water. By this treatment the radishes will in a very short time acquire sufficient bulk and be good to eat. If it be required to get good radishes in winter during the severe cold, an old eask should be sawn in two, and one-half of it filled with good earth. The radish seed beginning to shoot as before must be then sown in the other half of the barrel put on the top of the eask, and the top of the apparatus carried down into the cellar. For watering, lukewarm water should be used as before. In the course of five or six days the radishes will be fit to eat.

**HOGS.**—Get good hogs, such as will mature in eight or ten months. Get pigs all the while eat, and of the best kind. Never let pigs get poor. Keep hogs out of manure piles; keep them clear of vermin with sulphur and coal oil. Feed and water them regularly. Give them all the surplus ashes from the house. Remember that young stock fatten much more readily than old stock. Pigs, when they have attained their growth, fatten at a less cost than when older. The same is true of all other animals.

**MANURE** may be spread in the orchard at a time when the snow is on the ground, and a sled can be used for the purpose, being lower than a wagon, and passing more easily under the trees.

**An Electric Log.**—An electric log, devised by M. Fieurlais, has been fully tested, with satisfactory results, on board the French Frigate La Magicienne, in a recent long cruise. A description is given in *La Nature*. A four-armed cross-piece, with arms at the ends of the arms all directed similarly in relation to the arms, is supported on a vertical axis, so as to rotate in being pulled through the water, and proportionately to the rate at which this is done. The "mill" is of bronze, but to diminish friction the axle is supported in small blocks of galleum. At the ends of the arms of a bronze fork, presenting little resistance to the water. This fork is attached, through a short chain, to the log rope, onstrand of which is removed to make place for the electric cable (a Menier military cable, cross-piece, with arms at the ends of the arms all directed similarly in relation to the arms, is supported on a vertical axis, so as to rotate in being pulled through the water, and proportionately to the rate at which this is done. The "mill" is of bronze, but to diminish friction the axle is supported in small blocks of galleum. At the ends of the arms of a bronze fork, presenting little resistance to the water. This fork is attached, through a short chain, to the log rope, onstrand of which is removed to make place for the electric cable (a Menier military cable, cross-piece, with arms at the ends of the arms all directed similarly in relation to the arms, is supported on a vertical axis, so as to rotate in being pulled through the water, and proportionately to the rate at which this is done. 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VOLUME XLII.

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## QUIET HOURS.

The morning will soon be here, For over the purple hill The daylight is chasing the night away, With a footstep that is noiseless and still, Oh, the night was so long, so long! As I sat by the window alone, Watching the moon as it slowly rose Till above the trees it shone, It looked as if it hung in the sky Like a rebel fled to the trim With wine of an amber, golden hue; But now it is white and dim, As if it had all been quaffed And only the glass remained. With the faintest palest shimmering tinge To show what it had contained, And once when it fullest seemed, A single star, like a flock of foam Of the precious juice of the vine, Went drifting, drifting off, As we sometimes lose a day That, when the goblet of life is full, Silently flows away. But now the daylight is here, And the sad, vague thoughts of night Have died away, as the emblems fall, And with a tender smile, Ah, his quiet hours like these, When we wistfully look above, And see the works of the great, good God, And think of his tender love, That help us to braver be, And strengthen us on our way, Till the beautiful night of life at last Is merged in eternity's day.

## My Husband's Love.

"Two letters for Mrs. Aymer. There, take them, Annie, and read them, while I run over my correspondence." "And with a tender smile, my husband—who who yesterday had borne me from the altar a lovely bride—passed over to me the letters he had just received from the hands of the concubine of the Parisian hotel where we were staying on the first stage of our honeymoon trip. It was the first time I had seen my married name boldly inscribed upon an envelope, and I felt that I only then fully realized that I was Philip Aymer's wedded wife, to have and to hold until death did us part. Was it this thought, or the sudden sight of a handwriting strangely familiar, which caused me to shudder and grow pale. One of the letters was from my mother. I knew what she would say before I opened it, for she would tell me once again the old story of the nobility of the man I had married, and her joy that my ship had ridden into such safe anchorage. The other—why was it that, as my fingers touched it, my husband raised his eyes to settle tell-tale flush his glance brought to my cheek? "Good news, my darling?" he questioned tenderly. "I have not had time to find out," I answered curiously. "I like to read my letters alone."

A hurt look came over Philip's face, but he said nothing, and a half hour later I was alone and had opened the letter from the man I loved. "Yes, I was a wife—a bride, in fact; but my heart had never been given into my husband's keeping. I did not pause to think which of my gods was the more worthy. I only knew that Yane Marston's eyes had burned their way into my soul—and yet I was another man's wife! How did it all happen? I could hardly tell myself. I knew Yane loved me; he had told me, but he never asked me to become his wife. And now I held his letter in my hand, and the content, which during these three quiet days had crept into my heart, vanished in a moment of anguish. "Thus began the letter to me, another man's wife. "My Darling—They tell me you are married. I cannot, dare not, believe it. Thus it ran, a series of mad reproaches for inconstancy and faithlessness, until I could no longer read, and with the sheet crushed in my hand, felt bitterly sobbing, across the bed. I did not hear my husband enter the room, I was scarcely conscious that he took the letter from my hand. "Look at me," he said. "I thought you were a pure innocent child, whose heart was an open page before me. Who is this man that he should write such words to my wife? Coward! Cur!" "He is neither," I answered, stung to love by the words. "He is the man I love."

"What, then, am I?" "The man I hate," I answered recklessly, and buried my face once more in the pillows. When I raised it I was alone. I did not see my husband until evening. Then he entered my room. I had had time in all these hours for repentance, and springing to meet him, I kissed him, and in his arms, with my prayer for forgiveness, but he held me from him and spoke gravely and sternly. "I have been thinking since I left you, Annie, what was best to do. If we separate now it will only give the world cause for scandal. I want to propose that we live together in the eyes of the world, though I promise never to enforce on my breast, and upon you, will you accede to my proposal?" "No, no, Philip!" I cried. "I will be your wife. In time I will forget—in time I will learn to love you. Forgive me, accept me back!" "To forgive is easier than to forget," he answered. "The gift you offer is valuable—a flower without its fragrance, a bird without its song. Heaven help the husband whose wife offers him duty, when in her heart he thought was written love!" With these words he turned and left me. My husband faithfully kept his word. We carried out our wedding tour. It seemed too bitter a mockery to go from place to place, both carrying this secret in our breasts, and I was glad to get back to London. In drawing or ball room, my husband was ever courteous and attentive; but as we drove to or from some entertainment each would leave silently back in our corner of the carriage, nor break the stillness by a word. I did not see Yane in these months. Of course I loved him still, spite of the heartless fate that had so cruelly separated us. The first doubt which crossed

my mind on this score, came one day as I sat at the head of my own table. We had some few guests to dinner, when I caught these words spoken by my husband: "The man who tells a woman that he loves her, yet does not ask her then and there to become his wife offers her an insult." My cheeks dyed crimson. He knew nothing, yet it was as though he had laid my heart bare. Oh how glad I was to see good night, and fly to my own room. A fortnight later, I went to a ball given in my honor. For the first time since my marriage I wore my wedding dress. The picture the glass reflected was very fair. So I told myself, without a single pulse of vanity, as I turned away from it and ran down the stairs to meet my husband. His face grew deathly white as he saw me. I know not why, but this caused me a quick pang of pain, as I sat alone in a quiet corner of the gay scene, a little later, watching him as his eye searched the room, perhaps looking for me, and I realized something of the intimate nobility of the man whose heart I had so ruthlessly trampled upon. A voice aroused me—a voice whose honeyed accents had often fallen on my ear with the same tenderness they now breathed, though he now spoke to another. The window in which I sat, concealed me from view. I could see the false, handsome face, with the girl's trustfully upturned. "No," he was saying, "and I never loved before."

"What! not the beautiful Mrs. Aymer?" she questioned jealously. "By the way she is here to night!" No tremor was in Yane Marston's voice as he answered. "Indeed, and if so, what then? To me there is but one woman in the room, in the world. Mrs. Aymer and I had an idle, silly flirtation which I thought it best to run away from a little while, and in my absence she married." Then they passed out of sight and hearing. And this is the man I had loved! For whom I had forfeited my life, my happiness, and not mine alone, but that of the noble heart I had deceived and wronged—the heart I loved! Yes, this was my secret. Too late I realized the treasure I had thrown away. I thought Philip shrink from me, as he handed me into the carriage, a few hours later. How strangely white his face looked! At last we reached home. I left him goodnight at the door of his study, and turned to mount the stairs, when he threw it open and motioned me to enter. "I will not detain you but a moment," he said, "I thought it right to tell you that I leave home to-morrow. If I stayed here longer I should kill you or myself." A mad hope mingled with torture, thrilled me at his words. "Kill me, if you will," I entreated, "but do not leave me." Then I sank upon my knees beside him, pausing not for breath, until I told the whole miserable story, even the bitter humiliation of Yane Marston's words. "But he did not even sting," I added. "I had learned his unworldliness long before—learned it in learning what a noble man was. Philip, I once asked you to forgive me, and you refused to love me—I ask you now to forgive me because I love you and because I cannot live without you." And then Philip's arms stooped low and drew me close to his fast beating heart, and though he spoke no word, I nestled there sobbingly content.

## Death-Roll of 1879.

The death-roll in the United States for 1879 embraces a number of conspicuous names. The death of Madame Bonaparte, which occurred in Baltimore last spring, occasioned probably more wide-spread interest and comment than any other, except Napoleon, who was killed by the savages of Zululand. Among the other distinguished Americans who died within the year were Caleb Cushing, Gen. John A. Dix, ex-Gov. William Allen, William Lloyd Garrison, Elihu Burritt, Commodore Guest, Thompson and Parker, Rear-Admirals Parrott, Godon, Boorman, Kitty and Reynolds, the Hon. Shields, John C. Davis, Gen. Charles F. Smith, all of them distinguished soldiers and gallant men; R. H. Dana, the venerable poet; Henry C. Carey, the political economist; W. M. Hunt, the artist; Charles Fechter, the actor; John S. Gittins, of Baltimore. Four Bishops died during the year—Bishop Foley, of the Catholic Church; Bishop O'Connell, of the Episcopal Church; and Bishop Doane, of the Methodist Church. Albrecht-Kader, the famous Algerian chief, Espartero, the famous Spanish general, and the German statesman; Sir Rowland Hill, the great postal reformer; Villamecens, the father of "personal" journalism in France; Chevalier, the French economist; Buckstone, the actor; Mrs. Charles Dickens and Hepworth Dixon, the author.

## A Big Stone.

The largest stone quarried in 3,000 years was used in the construction of the obelisk to the memory of Major General John Edgar Wool, which has just been exposed to public view in Troy, New York. General Wool was a distinguished soldier of the War of 1812, having been shot through both thighs at the storming of Queenstown and having covered himself with glory at the battle of Plattsburgh, two years later. Moreover, as second in command he helped Taylor at Buena Vista, and after a dozen years of honorable service in the West fought through the Rebellion. General Wool left \$50,000 for a monument to his wife and himself. The late William Cullen Bryant became interested in the monument, and before his death wrote the inscription for it. The stone for the monument was a distinguished soldier of the War of 1812, having been shot through both thighs at the storming of Queenstown and having covered himself with glory at the battle of Plattsburgh, two years later. 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THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT

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stand an hour or two. Then rinse the  
out with clear water.

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One square of 10 lines, one hundred and two months \$82.50

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One square of 10 lines, one hundred and four months \$87.50

One square of 10 lines, one hundred months \$90.00

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and six months \$92.50

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and two months \$95.00

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and eight months \$97.50

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and four months \$100.00

One square of 10 lines, one hundred months \$102.50

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and six months \$105.00

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and two months \$107.50

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and eight months \$110.00

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and four months \$112.50

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One square of 10 lines, one hundred and eight months \$147.50

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One square of 10 lines, one hundred months \$152.50

One square of 10 lines, one hundred and six months \$155.00

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### BY THE SEA.

My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,  
Is sitting on my knee,  
And gazes eagerly afar,  
Across the beach, beyond the bar,  
Where rolls the restless sea.

She puts her little hand in mine,  
And laughs with childish glee,  
To see the foaming billows splash,  
As on the shore they fiercely dash,  
Then glide back silently.

But while she laughs so merrily,  
My heart is far away;  
And, as I look upon the shore,  
Where loud and long the breakers roar,  
My sad soul seems to say:

"The sea is like a human life;  
It breaks upon the shore  
Of time with a restless might,  
And, when the goal is just in sight,  
Dies—to return no more."

"And all along the shore of Time,  
Full many a wreck doth lie;  
The pang of many a mad career,  
Of blasted hopes and broken vows,  
O' happy days gone by."

Yet, while I muse in mournful mood,  
And gaze upon the sea,  
My blue-eyed pet with golden hair,  
Whose heart has never known a care,  
Still sits upon my knee.

Her head is resting on my breast—  
Her eyes in slumber deep;  
The same rough sea, whose breakers roar,  
And madly, fiercely lash the shore,  
Has lulled my child to sleep.

### Mrs. Terbiath's Birthday.

gentleman was eating his modest lunch of bread and cheese and old ale, at an antique table, which also contained a skull, two manikins and a plaster cast of Apollo, minus one arm.

"I've taking a fancy to your painting of 'On the Junia,' said the captain—at the Geniuflex, you know."

"Much obliged I'm sure," said Mr. Tinto, wiping the froth of the ale from his fiery red mustache; but I sold it yesterday."

"It's quite a settled thing, then?" said Captain Terbiath, with his lower jaw falling.

"Oh, yes—quite," nodded the artist. But if you cared particularly about it, I could make you a copy."

"The very thing!" said Captain Terbiath, smiling the table so vehemently, in his satisfaction, that the skull, intended as the study for a picture to be called "Alas, poor Yorick!" rolled off upon the floor. "How soon can you get it ready?"

Mr. Tinto hesitated.

"Would a month—" he commenced.

"A month, man! Why don't you say a century at once. I must have it in a fortnight, at the farthest!" shouted Captain Terbiath.

"It will be a tight fit," said Mr. Tinto, reflectively; "but if it is absolutely necessary—"

"It is a matter of life and death!" roared the captain. "And what will you charge. Come now, you can't expect a copy to be worth the full price of that original," he added, insinuatingly.

"Couldn't do it short of a hundred and fifty," said Mr. Tinto; and to this statement he resolutely adhered, in spite of all remonstrances.

The captain took counsel with himself. A hundred and fifty dollars in ready money represented a great deal of cash; but then Aunt Terbiath represented a great deal more. Yes, upon the whole, it was worth while to risk it, and so he ordered the picture.

Scarcely had the captain's footsteps died away on the staircase when they were succeeded by a great fluttering of silken lances, and Mrs. Forrester sailed gracefully into the little studio.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Tinto?" asked Mrs. Forrester, putting a ponderous gold eyeglass to her vision.

"My name is Tinto, ma'am," confessed the astonished artist, beginning to wonder if, like Sir Walter Scott, he was destined to "wake up and find himself famous."

"I wish to purchase your charming view in the Geniuflex Gallery," said the lady.

"On the Junia, I believe you call it."

"Madam," said Mr. Tinto, with a low bow. "I regret to inform you that it is already sold."

"Sold?" echoed Mrs. Forrester.

"Sold," nodded the artist, wishing in his secret heart that he had sketched a dozen views on the Junia instead of only one, and marveling whence sprung all this popularity.

"Mrs. Forrester clasped her hands theatrically.

"What a pity!" she cried; and I had so set my heart upon it."

"Wouldn't a copy?" Mr. Tinto suggested.

"A copy!" Mrs. Forrester wondered that she had not thought of it before. "Oh, yes, a copy, by all means! But I wanted it finished by the eighteenth of June, without fail."

No sooner had she withdrawn her silken and satiny presence from the studio, than Roland Tinto rushed out and engaged the services of a pair of needy brother-artists, to help him out with his double order.

"Art is looking up," quoth he, "and genius is finding its true level at last."

So that when the eighteenth of June dawned upon the summer world, two prodigious packing-boxes were trundled up Mrs. Terbiath's front steps.

"John!" cried the old lady to her footman, "open those boxes in the hall, and tell me what they are."

And John was yet unscrewing screws and drawing out nails, when Mrs. Forrester and Captain Leofie appeared on the scene of action; but the words of congratulation were yet upon their lips, when the sight of "A View on the Junia," hanging in a gay gold frame on the wall, froze the glib sentences into amazed silence.

"Yes, my dears," said the old lady, "a birthday gift from my old friend Doctor Duffer."

"Charmed, I'm sure," said the captain. "And I'll introduce you to Doctor Penfield," added Mrs. Terbiath. "I'm going to be married to him next week, and he has two daughters out in Pennsylvania, and, if you don't object I'll send two of those great awkward pictures out to them and keep the one that dear Doctor Duffer gave me—the one out of the Geniuflex Gallery."

So Captain Terbiath and Mrs. Forrester were checked, and Doctor Duffer's artistic investment was in vain. And no one was pleased but Roland Tinto, and his impetuous brother-artists.

### A Tin House.

A few rods back from the water's edge at San Francisco, surrounded by a tangle of weeds, stands a curious edifice, about seven by nine feet and two feet high, constructed chiefly of strips of rusty tin torn from large coil-cans, with here and there a bit of board.

The entrance to this abode is an aperture about eighteen inches wide, running across one end, and peering in, we see a few pieces of old straw matting and carpet.

This is the last surviving relic of a number of similar edifices that decorated the spot last Winter, and sheltered from twenty to thirty men during the whole rainy season, whose mode of living attracted much notice at the time.

An impression seems to prevail that these men had adopted their singular life from choice, preferring to eke a scanty living from the refuse of the dump piles to applying themselves to any active work.

Recently a reporter visited the solitary structure among the dumps for the purpose of interviewing its occupants. He found a slender-looking man, upwards of fifty years old, shabbily dressed, with full grizzled hair, thin lips, clear blue eyes and intelligent face, who expressed himself in excellent language.

It is said that he was a Captain during the Mexican war, and he reluctantly acknowledged it to be true, seeming very averse to giving his name or any information by which his friends or family might learn his whereabouts and circumstances. He gave this history as follows:

"I came to California from Boston in '49, attracted by the discovery of gold. I never learned any trade, for up to the time I came out here it had never been necessary for me to work. I went up in the mountains to Sonora, and staid there most of the time for twenty-four years. In the early days I did very well, never making a 'ten strike,' but very fair wages. Then times grew duller and I thought I would come down to the city, for it seemed as if any one ought to be able to make a living where there is so much to do all the time. I got a few odd jobs of work at first, but no steady job. My clothes kept getting worse and worse, until finally I was ashamed to show myself to the few old friends I had here. The times kept getting duller, work more scarce, and a little over a year ago I had no money, no friends and was forced to come here, where I have been pretty-much ever since. Sometimes I get a little job of work—sawing wood or something of the kind, and do a little better for a time. San Francisco is a hard place to get work. There is a good deal of doing, but too many to do it. And then the Chinese are everywhere and crowd the white men out."

"What was the general character of the men who have been living on the dumps the last eight months?"

"There were men of all trades, farm laborers, machinists, carpenters. Among them there were several who were evidently first-class mechanics, who had been employed in some of the first workshops East. They had come here strangers, were unable to get work, got out of money and had no other place to go. Some of the men had families back East, but when men come to that pass they don't like to talk about their lives. All were hoping for better times by and by."

"Where have these men gone now?"

"The most of them have gone to the country and some of them have got work. Others have failed on account of the large number of Chinese employed on farms. I should have gone to the country myself but I couldn't stand the work on a farm. I am getting too old and broken for that."

"I suppose a good many men are brought down to this on account of drink."

"Not so many as people think. Out of the twenty or thirty men who were here last Winter not more than two or three were brought down by drink. Another thing—we have been spoken of as hoodlums. On the contrary, the hoodlums are our greatest enemies. They delight in making raids on us and tearing down our houses. The hoodlums like all outlaws, have plenty of ways of getting money, and don't need to come here. Sometimes when they come down and sleep in the weeds."

"What kind of a time do you expect next Winter?"

"Hard to tell, sir. If times don't improve I don't see what poor men will do. There are thousands of men in this city to-day living in a way that would surprise people if they knew it. In the Winter a lot more crowd into the city from the country, to say nothing of those all the while arriving from the East. These are hard times, sir, and no mistake."

### "The Next Case."

How justice was dispensed in Toledo, a quarter of a century ago, by the celebrated Charles O'Malley, Justice of the Peace on the North side.

The first case which came before His Honor was O'Donnell and others for disturbance at a dance house on Kinzle street. The testimony was gone through with and the decision (O'Malley rose to his dignity, and turning to O'Donnell (and the other offenders), said to the first one next him:

"Tim, have ye'es any money?"

"Tim says, 'Nah.'"

"Bryan, have you?"

"Bryan says, 'Nah.'"

"Terence, have you?"

"Terence says, 'Nah.'"

"Patrick, have you?"

"Patrick says, 'Nah.'"

"Then turning to a wild-looking young Irishman, recently from the 'ould darr,' and probably out on his first spree in America, says:

"Mauree, have ye'es any money?"

"Mauree says, 'Yis, your Honor,' to which the Court responds, 'Well, thin, the foin is on you.'"

"Call the nix," says.

### A Missing Man's Fate.

Some time ago, the people of Ellenville, New York, were excited by the discovery of a human skeleton in an old lead mine near the village. For a long time the question of its identity remained unsolved, but finally, on slight circumstantial evidence, it was decided by a coroner's jury to be the remains of a young man named David Smith, who mysteriously disappeared from Ellenville in 1866.

Smith was last seen alive in February of that year. He had been in charge of the telegraph office in that village, and was very popular with the people. His mother, a widow, lived in the town of Shaukenken. He was an only child. Many conjectures were current as to his sudden and strange disappearance, but gradually the circumstances were forgotten, though when the matter was discussed there were few who entertained any opinion other than that Smith had been murdered.

While at Ellenville, Smith formed an attachment for a crowd of fast young men, and as the months went by he became a hard drinker, spending the most of his time in the village bar-room when off duty. In February, 1866, a ball was given by one of the firm companies, and Smith was present, and worse for liquor. He was about drunk enough to act like a simpleton, and talked incessantly, finally getting into a quarrel with a respectable man who was present, and who, when kept by Smith's friends from blows, angrily said: "He'll find out that this ain't the end of this mess." After that night Smith was not seen again. His mother expended much time and money in the vain search for him, and when the skeleton was found in the mine, she hastened there, and was firmly convinced that she had at last recovered the body of her son.

The jury out of pure sympathy, it is thought, for Mrs. Smith, so decided, having no stronger evidence than a half-decayed pair of gutters which it was proved were similar in style to those always worn by Smith. But there still remained much doubt in the minds of the people as to whether or not the skeleton was really that of Smith, but this doubt is now all removed. Mr. McCracken, one of the proprietors of the mine where the bones were discovered, found, recently, the diary of Smith's buried in the mud at the bottom of the shaft. It was partially destroyed, but there is no doubt that it was the property of Smith, entries appearing in it relative to his life in Ellenville up to within a few weeks before the sudden discovery.

Several of his letters were found in the book. His mother has been given the diary, though she needed no proof to strengthen her opinion that the skeleton was really that of her son. It is remembered by Smith's friends that the man who quarreled with him, and who made certain threats, afterwards left the place, and was engaged on a cutting team to hold it, and walked across the room with his head over his shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and a pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little shake like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four-button gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's latest on her hands, and then, with a flourish, French heels on or twice to settle herself, and, seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage, started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bay.

Why She Missed the Boat.

She was to meet her adored one on the nine o'clock Oakland boat, San Francisco, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door to go out, when it struck her that she had forgotten to line her left eyebrow. Rushing to the glass to see if she looked all right, she discovered a small red spot, commemorative of a departed eye. A dab of lilac-white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start, when a backward glance assured her that her new hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over one ear and a "hyke" in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and an enchaînement must be pinned across her nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled tooth showed very plainly, and that started a most seductive dimple in one cheek which suggested a scrap of black court-plaster on its very verge to call attention to its dangers, like a signboard on a thinly-frozen pond. Then she tipped her head and snatched in the curling tongs to hold it, and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and a pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little shake like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four-button gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's latest on her hands, and then, with a flourish, French heels on or twice to settle herself, and, seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage, started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bay.

What He Knows of English.

I heard a funny story of a little Boston boy the other day, which I think has never been in print. His father had amused himself in teaching the bright little fellow several words and phrases in a number of languages, so that he had quite a reputation as a linguist. An Englishman of some note dined with the family one day, and the child was much interested in watching him and listening to his conversation. After dinner the guest took him on his knee with the remark: "I hear you know a great many languages, tell me how many you know."

"Oh, I know French and German and Italian and Spanish, and that is all."

"But you know English?" "No, I don't know English," he answered with a very positive shake of the head. "Yes, you do, certainly," persisted the Englishman. "I tell you I do not," replied the child most impatiently, very emphatically. "My papa knows English, I s'pose, but I only know two words in English."

"And what are they?" "Ouse and forest."

She Knows It.

X., traveling through Brittain, asks an old woman who was peddling crosses and medals at a church porch the price of a certain trinket.

"Is it for your wife or your sweet heart?" she asks.

"For my sweetheart," replies X., not precisely seeing the drift of her question.

"Ten francs."

"Ten francs—pshaw!" says X., turning on his heel.

"Come back, come back," cries the old woman, "take it for three. You've been lying to me, though, you have no sweet-heart. If it had been for her you'd have bought it at once without regard to the price."

"I'll take it; here are your three francs."

"You haven't a wife, either. If it had been for her you'd have beaten me down to two francs."

"You mean, you mean!"

Music and Animals.

A remarkable instance of a toad's enjoyment of music came under my notice some years since. I was on a visit with my husband and one of my daughters to my father, who lived in the south of England. He had a very pretty garden and lawn; and it was his delight in the







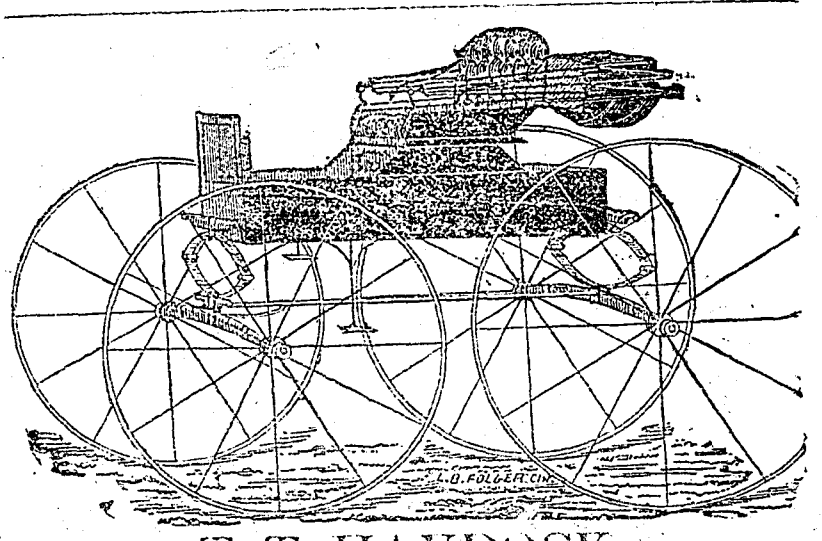
**The Republican.**  
**FOR BAILIFF.**  
We are authorized to announce R. G. V. LEE as a candidate for Bailiff of the County of Calhoun, to be elected at the next election, if he is elected, it is his duty to run against him.  
We are authorized to announce B. B. DAVIS as a candidate for Bailiff of the County of Calhoun, to be elected at the next election, if he is elected, it is his duty to run against him.  
**FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.**  
I announce myself as a candidate for the honorable office of Justice of the Peace of the County of Calhoun, to be elected at the next election, if I am elected, it is my duty to discharge my duty to the best of my knowledge.  
**Is Your Sewing Machine Broken?**  
Parties wanting sewing machines repaired, or any part furnished, can get it done by writing a postal card to J. J. B. McELRATH, Centre, Ala.  
April 17, 1879.  
**NOTICE.**  
The notes, books and accounts of the late firm of Landers and Britain have been placed in my hands for collection. All persons owing said firm are requested to come forward and make settlement at once.  
Apr. 3, 4t. John M. Caldwell.  
The Mrs. Pendergrass who was burned sometime ago by the explosion of a can of kerosene oil, an account of which we published died from the effects of the burn, combined with measles. We are indebted to Dr. J. F. M. Davis for this item and should have published it last week.  
Of course, in the employment of the term "Smart Alecks" in the article headed a "Word to Candidates," published last week, we had no personal allusion to any one in particular. We only mention this fact, because it has been suggested to us more than once that some one might construe the term as personal to himself or friend.  
We direct attention to the law card of Messrs. Bowdon & Arnold in this week's issue. Mr. Bowdon, though a young man, ranks very high at the bar of Talladega. Mr. Arnold was admitted to the practice at the last term of our Chancery Court. He is very studious and is rapidly advancing in his profession. The firm is an able one and will have a lucrative practice at this bar.  
**NOTICE.**  
J. B. Allen desires to inform the farmers of Calhoun, Talladega and adjoining counties that he is the only authorized agent for the sale of Messrs. D. M. Osborne and Co's (of Auburn, N. Y.) Harvesting Implements, the Osborne Binder, Wheeler Reapers and Mowers &c. The best machines in the market. Machine on exhibition on farm south of Aniston. I will be glad to give any information desired and prices. Orders solicited. Address me at Oxford or Aniston, Ala.  
**WEAVER'S STA., ALA.**  
Lon:  
It seems your local correspondents have ceased to communicate the news of the day. I will pen you a few lines from our burg. Everything is moving in its usual progressive way. Everything is quiet except when a procession of candidates file in town; then a signal is given 'prepare for the shake of hands.' Then all parade rest to listen to the mirth and merits of the smiling candidates; then they all retreat with sanguine hopes, which are only to be blasted on the day after the election and exclaim: 'Oh! for a closer walk &c., as all my faults are massed against me for a defeat.'  
Lon: I can say you may be of good cheer as you can realize your situation in August next. The moral and physical condition of our community is in a healthy state. Farmers are pushing their business with untiring energy; wheat has the rust and birds fair to be almost a failure; fruit nearly all killed. Trade is very much off here and the merchants begin to dread the monotony of the day.  
There is a very fine school in progress here, presided over by Prof. Cater of Talladega. He is a gentleman of high literary and musical attainments and equally as systematic in his rules and government; he is a model gentleman. This pleasant to attend Friday

evening's exercise, listen to declamations music &c. Some of the boys have attained to a high degree in oratory, while others are very proficient in music; they discourse gospel songs in thundering tones on the organ; it is a fine school and affords a chance to all who pride in education and musical accomplishments.  
There is preaching every Sunday and a flourishing Sunday School largely attended by all denominations.  
\*\*\*  
**PEEK'S HILL.**  
ED. REPUBLICAN:  
I have been promising you some time that I would give you some locals from this part of the county. We will try to keep you posted up in the general news of our little burg and the surrounding community.  
We have fine weather now for farming purposes and our farmers are taking every advantage of it, and are pushing forward with diligence. Farmers have done remarkable well considering the floods of rain this spring and winter. Some are done planting both corn and cotton crops. Wheat is very sorry in this community damaged very materially by the fly.  
Fruit crop mostly killed by the last week frost.  
Some sickness in our section. Mr. Mikial Mooney is lying very low, and is thought by the Dr. he will not recover. Dr. Williamson is continually going.  
We are not troubled much with Candidates down here yet. Occasionally we see one. They call a bout often enough to keep us in remembrance of them, and keep us forgetting how they look, but we are looking out for a swarm one of these days. We have been shaking hands around with our neighbors to get ourselves in good practice by the time they get here.  
Well, Spring has made her appearance at last, clothed in garments of beauty and attraction. Our ears are most delightfully and agreeably saluted by the song and chatter of the bird and buzz of the bee.  
And our eyes behold the forest and field clad in their garments of green, and all Nature in her varied arrangements, spices, and adaptation to each other seems to wear the smile and impress of her God.  
When we look upon Nature's field clad in her garments of beauty and sublimity, we are called to stand in perfect silence and with reverential awe and reverence that God whose omnipotent hand rules and controls Nature and sends the seasons in their round.  
**PIN.**  
**MIDDLE OHATCHEE LOCALS.**  
The farmers are considerably behind with their planting, on account of the late freshets by which fences were greatly damaged and have since had to be repaired. Severe colds have prevailed extensively in this section. George Roberts has been in delicate health for several weeks past. Miss Ella McGinnis and brother paid a visit to relatives Saturday and Sunday last. Rev. Mr. Milligan will preach at the Chapel next Sunday.  
"ALOZO."  
Call for a county convention to send Delegates to State convention, etc.  
Pursuant to notice, the county executive committee of the Democratic party of Calhoun county met in Jacksonville, on Monday 5th inst., and after consultation decided as follows:  
The Democratic party of Calhoun county will, by proper delegates, meet in convention in the court house in Jacksonville on Saturday, the 1st day of May next, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the State convention to be held in Montgomery, June 2nd, prox., and also to appoint delegates to a senatorial convention to be held in White Plains Calhoun County, May 25th, prox. The question of calling a convention to nominate county officers was discussed at some length, and the committee thought it best to refer the call to the party when it meets May 1st, and looking to the end, it is hoped that each best will meet in primary convention on Saturday, the 24th of April, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the county convention, and have every best fully represented, so that the convention can act wisely and prudently on the subject of holding a convention for that purpose. Delegates will send one delegate for every twenty-five Delegates to be sent for Governor at the last General election in 1878, as follows:  
Dem. votes. Del.  
Jacksonville, 336, 13.  
Alexandria, 346, 14.  
June Bug, 131, 5.  
Maddox, 131, 5.  
Polkville, 109, 4.  
Polk's Hill, 163, 7.  
Hollingsworth's, 98, 4.  
Allen's (Ber's), 129, 5.  
Cross Plains, 85, 4.  
Rabbit Town, 105, 4.  
White Plains, 170, 7.  
Corn Grove, 121, 5.  
Oxford, 289, 11.  
Sulphur Springs, 226, 9.  
Aniston, 91, 4.  
Ladiga, 91, 4.  
Wm. M. HANDS, Chairman Com.

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of Mrs. Thos. A. Walker, which occurred at her home in this place at 8 o'clock, evening of the 21st inst. For more than thirty years she has been a citizen in our town. Her walk has been exemplary and worthy of imitation she was a lady of sterling worth, and possessed many noble and good traits of character. Always ready and prompt to do good, and equally so to spurn and condemn evil. We tender to her bereaved friends our warmest and most sincere sympathy.  
**The Coming Legislature.**  
The coming session of the legislature will be an important one, and requires the selection of wise and patriotic representatives. Beside the election of United States Senator and solicitors, many questions of supreme moment to the welfare and prosperity of the State will of necessity, present themselves for consideration and action. Chief among these should be the revision of what is known as our 'married woman's law.' Under our present system this vexed question is an enigma, almost, to our most profound and astute lawyers. The positions assigned to married women are so complex and an analysis of the subject so intermingled with the consideration of common and statute law that it affords questions of the greatest importance. Indeed it is difficult for the best legal minds to understand or construe her position in a legal sense, and there is an element of contrariety of opinion among them. Perhaps the best answer ever given to questions on this subject was that of an able lawyer at Montgomery, who, when a gentleman put the indefinite interrogatory, "Colonel, what is a married woman's separate estate in Alabama?" replied with a merry twinkle in his eye, but a countenance otherwise serene: "It is a married woman's separate estate." Legislative action on this and kindred subjects has been characterized by such a manifestation of ignorance and stupidity as to require steps toward a reformation with the State bar association, and it is to be hoped some good will come of the movement. Of other matters, we are anon.—*Cherokee Advertiser.*  
The Boston Herald memorably reminds Gen. James W. Withers that if Grant is elected, it will be as the candidate of the "starvation" and "hunger" politicians, and he will have no more power to get outside of the past, traces in 1861 than he had in 1869. Perhaps General Withers, tired of being outside, wants to join the machine.  
**FOR CAIRO, LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.**  
STEAMERS, ANDY BAUM, CONS MILLER, JAS. W. GAFF, VINT SUINKIN, VIRGIE LEE, JAS. D. PARKER.  
Steamers of this line leave Memphis for Cairo, Louisville and Cincinnati Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 6 o'clock, p. m., connecting at Cincinnati with Railroad and Steamers for all Eastern, Northern and Western ports, giving through tickets to all points—Chicago, Toledo, Buffalo, Richmond, New York, Washington City, Philadelphia and Boston.  
Eastern Tourists will find the La Belle River Route safe, delightful and economical. Rates by this line, cheaper than any other first-class route. Meals and staterooms free. Baggage checked through. For full information apply to R. W. LIGHTBURN, General Freight and Ticket Agent, No. 7, Monroe St., Memphis, Tenn. Passengers can rely on a splendid trip by this line, as the steamers are all first class, having been expressly built for the accommodation of passengers. Each steamer carries a string-band.  
**JNO. W. HUGHES WITH**  
The Atlanta cash clothing store, 24, Whitehall St., Atlanta Ga.  
—BRANCH HOUSE OF—  
Wm. C. Browning & Co., New York.  
Invites his friends to call on him when in the city. Orders solicited, and promptly attended to.  
**COTTON PLANTERS.**  
The undersigned has on hand a large lot of the celebrated Jeter Cotton plant and Manure distributors, and is now ready to supply orders. Price, 50.  
CHAS. MARTIN.  
**TOLU ROCK AND RYE**  
**SURE CURE**  
Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, And All Diseases of THROAT AND LUNGS.  
Put up in Quinine for Family Use. Specially prepared for the relief of Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is known to be the most powerful remedy for these ailments, and is sold in all the leading drug stores. It is a sure cure for all the above ailments, and is sold in all the leading drug stores. It is a sure cure for all the above ailments, and is sold in all the leading drug stores.  
**CAUTION. DON'T BE DECEIVED.**  
We are in receipt of a large supply of Tolu Rock and Rye, and are now ready to supply orders. It is a sure cure for all the above ailments, and is sold in all the leading drug stores. It is a sure cure for all the above ailments, and is sold in all the leading drug stores.

**NEW GOODS!**  
**ADDED ATTRACTIONS!**  
The undersigned has recently removed from depot Street to the Red Store on Public Square, and has largely increased his line of first class  
**FAMILY GROCERIES.**  
Both Staple and Fancy, which he is prepared to sell at rock BOTTOM PRICES. My stock is very complete, and embraces every thing in this market. The highest price paid for Country produce either in cash or barter.  
C. W. BREWTON.  
Agent for the sale of the celebrated Patapasco Guano. Kept in stock at Jacksonville during the season. Sold for cash or cotton option. Call for circulars.  
Jan. 31st, 1879.  
**JOHN M. HILL & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALER IN  
**LIQUORS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.,**  
16 Deane Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
**FAMILY FAVORITE.**  
THE IMPROVED  
**WHEEL**  
**Sewing Machine.**  
LOCK STITCH.  
VERY LIGHT RUNNING.  
VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.  
We sell with this excellent Machine 6 different sized Hammers, 1 Quilter, 1 Corer, 1 Gatherer, 1 Tacker, 1 Roller, making 11 attachments for more than are given with any other machine.  
PRICE ONLY \$30.  
Call and examine the machine at ROWAN, DEAN & CO., Jacksonville, Ala.  
Sep 13—3m  
**Undertakers Notice.**  
Mr. Jno. H. Crawford having removed from Jacksonville, the undersigned, at his request, will in the future keep on hand Coffins, Metallic cases and burial Caskets, and will assist on burial occasions as Mr. Crawford did while in the undertaking business here.  
L. A. WEAVER.  
Jan 4—3m  
**REMOVAL.**  
**A. M. LANDERS**  
Has recently removed his Family Grocery, Bar and Billiard Saloon to the store room formerly occupied by Whisenant and Driskill. In the front room he has a choice line of  
**Family Groceries**  
of all kinds, both staple and fancy, cigars, tobacco &c. In the rear room is the bar, which has been fitted up and furnished with the best liquors in market. The billiard table has been placed up stairs in a large and comfortable room where gentlemen can enjoy a game free from interruption.  
Respectfully,  
A. M. LANDERS.  
Jan. 2nd 1879.  
**CHILDREN'S SCHOOL.**  
FEMALE ACADEMY BUILDING.  
Mrs. Ida Woodward will open at the Female Academy, Monday, January 12th her school for children, and will continue the session five months.  
Terms.—Spelling Reading and Mental Arithmetic, \$1.00 per month. Higher classes, \$1.50 per month, payable at the end of each month.  
**Berry & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE  
**GROCER.**  
Commission Merchants,  
AND  
COTTON FACTORS,  
Borne, Georgia.  
Liberal Cash Advances made on COTTON and PRODUCE Consigned to us.  
**Sight Restored!**  
The undersigned having had remarkable success in treating numerous cases of sore eyes, catarrh, dimness of sight, and persons suffering from any infirmity of the eyes, impaired vision, or desire to make known to the public how such sufferers may avail themselves of his wonderful remedies. The following certificates—obtained without solicitation—express for themselves. Persons desiring treatment can be visited by me if preferred. A. J. KERR, White Plains, Ala.  
DAVISVILLE, ALA., Dec. 19th, 1879.  
This is to certify that Dr. A. J. Kerr has been treating my eyes for one, and they are much better—think they will get entirely well. Cheerfully recommend his treatment to the public.  
J. F. DAVIS.  
This is to certify that Lucinda McDowell's eye became affected by loss of sight four or five years ago, and remained so till three or four weeks since, when she went under the treatment of Mr. Andrew Kerr, and in six or eight days afterward she could see with that eye as well as ever. For herself, and persons desiring treatment can be visited by me if preferred. A. J. KERR, White Plains, Ala.  
Dec. 26th, 1879.  
STATE OF ALABAMA, NEWBORN COUNTY, Feb. 7th, 1879.  
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
This is to certify that my grand-daughter, Nancy Griffith, was afflicted with sore eyes for three years, to such an extent that she could scarcely see to go about. Six months ago Mr. A. J. Kerr came and took her under treatment, and to our astonishment, she could soon see to thread the finest needle or do any kind of fine sewing. I hereby recommend Mr. Kerr's medicine to any person similarly afflicted.  
Given under my hand, day and date above mentioned.  
W. N. CHANDLER.

**ED. G. CALDWELL,**  
(At the old Forney Corner.)  
Has on hand the best brands of Chewing and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the popular Swanson's Leaf, and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of G. G. in Town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarita, Royal, Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.  
Chocolate, Caramels, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Macaroni, Macaroni & Cheese  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner.  
Fresh Lard at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
Fresh Meat at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
Go buy one of these fine Plows of the Towers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
splendid lot of new Tin ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
Finest article of kerosene oil at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
New lot of stone-ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
Salt at manufacturers' prices at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
**Queensward at Wholesale.**  
French China in Sets or by the single piece.  
**SILVER PLATED GOODS**  
Fine and CHEAP Table knives & Forks, Tin-ware, Wooden-ware, Glass-ware, Lamps, and Lamp-glasses. Orders solicited from merchants. We will duplicate any bill that can be bought in America.  
J. B. CARPENTER & Co., China Hall, Rome, Ga.  
Jan 28—3m  
**Grand Reduction in Prices.**  
**B. F. CARPENTER**  
HAS JUST RECEIVED  
A LARGE AND COMPLETE  
Assortment of Family Groceries, which he proposes to sell at bottom prices. Very best brands of Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Finely flavored Cigars, Western Bacon, Meal, Snowdrift Flour, Molasses, Crockery, Hardware, Kerosene oil, Buckets, Tin-ware. Every thing kept in a well stocked grocery establishment. He also has on hand a large assortment of harness, Saddles, Drills, made of the very best leather, and designed and executed by workmen of superior skill. He invites all to call, for he is determined to sell at such prices as to deserve the patronage of the public. Give him a call, and examine his prices, before going elsewhere.  
**GREAT BARGAINS IN Pianos & Organs.**  
**H. A. SMITH**  
ROBE, GA.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Bookkeeper and Music Dealer.  
Has just received from the Manufacturers, the  
Largest Stock of Pianos ever brought to this market. These instruments having been bought for cash at LOW PRICES, will be sold to cash customers at PRICES LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN in this country. Purchasers, by calling early, can have the advantage of selecting from the large stock on hand. Large lot of School & Miscellaneous Books always on hand, at LOW PRICES.  
**W. W. HARRISON,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
OFFICE OVER  
CARPENTER'S STORE.

**A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT**  
**Ladies' and Gentlemen's**  
**EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS!**  
Also a Complete Line of  
**Heavy Goods at Prices to Suit the Times.**  
Highest Market Price Paid for Hides.  
Call early and examine stock and prices at  
M. P. GOVAN & CO.,  
No. 21 Broad Street, Rome, Ga.  
**DAVID H. DOUGHERTY,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions**  
**Shoes and Hats,**  
**39 & 41 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.**  
**FINE DRESS GOODS A SPECIALTY.**  
Please send for Samples.  
JOHN R. KISSETT, formerly of Jacksonville, is with this house. We will pay express on all orders amounting to \$10.00 or over.  
**NEW STOCKED!**  
**Common Sense Bargains.**  
The undersigned have just opened a new and select stock of Dry Goods, consisting of Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings and Ladies' Underwear, Jeans, Flannels, Shirts, Socks, Laces and all Cloth Table Cloth, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Hardware, Crockery, Wooden-ware etc. etc. Also a good line of  
**GROCERIES,**  
Both Staple and Fancy. Leather, Shoemakers' Findings; In fact, everything to be found in a first class General Store.  
No trouble to show Goods and call prices. Knowing that these times demand Goods to be sold on a close margin, we defy competition in prices of Goods.  
**WILSON BROS. & HARBOUR,**  
Oct 4 '79  
North-east Corner Public Square, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.  
**Light Running Shoe**  
A MODEL OF SIMPLICITY  
STRENGTH AND BEAUTY  
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER  
AGENTS WANTED  
DOES NOT FATIGUE THE OPERATOR  
MAKES NO NOISE  
PATTERN OF PERFECTION  
JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.  
(MASS.) NEW-YORK CITY.  
**Handled by Ed. G. Caldwell.**  
**MANUFACTURED BY**  
**LINDER & MONTGOMERY,**  
**PEEK'S HILL, ALA.**  
**WAREHOUSE AT JACKSONVILLE, ALA.**  
**PRICE, \$20, DELIVERED FREE ON CARS.**  
The greatest labor saving implement in use.  
Address  
LINDER & MONTGOMERY,  
Jacksonville, Ala.  
Jan. 31.  
**INSURANCE**  
The undersigned is Agent for (1) four good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to wit:  
GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA;  
HOME PROTECTION " HUNTSVILLE, ALA.;  
CENTRAL CITY " SELMA, ALA.;  
COLUMBIANS INS. & BANKING CO., COLUMBUS, MISS.  
It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.  
If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails—  
I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities.  
I. L. SWAN, Agent,  
April 26th, 1879. Jacksonville, Ala.  
  
**T. T. HAYDOCK.**  
Has the largest complete works for the manufacture of Carriage in the world. Doggies for the trade a specialty.  
**SCARLE PLUM AND BROWN STREETS, CINCINNATI, O.**  
**The People Appreciate Merit**  
**EAGLE AND PHENIX**  
**PERFECT**  
**BALL SEWING THREAD.**  
**COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.**  
**PREPARED BY A PROCESS USED IN NO OTHER MILL**  
**IT HAS NO EQUAL**  
6 Balls to Pound, 1 lb. Packages. 20 Balls to Pound, 2 lb. Paper Boxes.  
Packed in Cases of 20, 30, 50, 100 or 500 Pounds each.  
**Uniform Price. Invariable Discounts.**  
**Sold by all Jobbers.**  
**ASK FOR "EAGLE & PHENIX." USE NO OTHER**



**MRS. POT  
COLD HANDLES**

...the ...